

Good Morning 577

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

At the village church of Nettlebed Lieut.-Commander David Evans, R.N.V.R., was married to Mrs. Ernestine Curtis, and the ceremony is here described, as well as may be, by a mere male, Derek Hebdon, "Good Morning" staff reporter.



Ready for the toast—Comdr. E. Venables, D.S.O., R.N., Lieut. Peter Phillip, S.A.N.F., bridegroom Lieut.-Comdr. David Celwyn Evans, R.N.V.R., Mrs. Evans, Lieut. Teddy Lloyd, S.A.N.F., Comdr. Sheridan Patterson, R.N., padre Eng. Rear-Admiral E. G. Pallot, D.S.O., R.N. (Rtd.), Surgeon Lieut. Cody, R.N.V.R.

A SUBMARINE OCCASION IN RURAL OXFORD

The bride and bridegroom take an enquiring look outside the church after the ceremony—but all is well!



SOMETHING of the atmosphere of the Submarine Service invaded the quaint old church of St. Bartholomew in the tiny Oxfordshire village of Nettlebed, on a Friday morning recently, when the signs of snow were still in the air.

The occasion was the wedding of bearded and hearty submarine commander Lieut.-Commander David Celwyn Evans, R.N.V.R., to Mrs. Ernestine Joy Curtis, widow of the late Dr. Curtis.

St. Bartholomew's is one of those delightful old churches which seem to flourish in Oxfordshire, and it certainly provided a picturesque setting for the wedding.

The ceremony was timed for 11.30, but, as is frequently the case with weddings, this one was late.

The ushers were submarine men. Lieut. Peter Phillip, S.A.N.F., and Surgeon Lieut. Cody, R.N.V.R., to be precise, and a further naval touch was provided by the padre, Engineer Rear-Admiral E. G. Pallot, D.S.O., R.N. (Rtd.).

With a mixed bunch of relatives, friends and villagers, I waited for the bride to arrive. The bridegroom was taking it calmly, as far as I could see, but I am sure even the toughest and coolest of submarine commanders would begin to weaken if he had to stand for long at the business end of the aisle.

Before "Taffy" Evans really had time to get nervous, the bride arrived with Mr. Reginald Boulden, her brother-in-law, who was to perform the task of giving her away.

As the bride came down the aisle I studied her attire, and although I'm no fashion expert, I will attempt to describe her costume.

Starting from the top, she covered her curls with a black hat, below which was a

black jacket and skirt. Pinned to the jacket was a spray of, I believe, orchids, and the ensemble was completed by a white lambs-wool coat. I can't supply the technicalities of material and style, but you'll see by the photographs how attractive she looked.

The Rev. Pallot went through his part of the ceremony in fine time, Mr. Boulden gave the bride away at the right moment, best man Phillip Crawshaw remembered to bring the ring, and everyone was very happy.

Everyone was still happy when the party reassembled at the Bull Hotel, where a roomful of guests included a few overflowing into the kitchen. Wise people!

Everyone was very happy, although you couldn't move without treading on someone else's toes, and, likewise, nobody else could move without treading on your toes.

The bridal couple were toasted, the speeches were made, and a few of the scores of congratulatory telegrams were read.

Commander E. Venables, D.S.O., R.N., Commander Sheridan Patterson, R.N., and Lieut. Teddy Lloyd, S.A.N.F., were there to support the bridegroom, though I must say that the skipper took things very well, and was far calmer than the majority of bridegrooms.

When the reception eventually broke up the village of Nettlebed was again aroused by a rush for transport as the Navy thought about getting back to Town for the night.

It is to be hoped you managed it, gentlemen, and that the village has regained its serenity. It was an altogether happy, charming and submarine occasion.

Here's everybody else's health, they cry—and could a bridal couple look more radiant?



Home Town News

A NUMBER of Cornish towns, including Truro, Camborne and St. Austell, reacted slowly to the relaxation of the black-out restrictions.

At Truro, for instance, the Order reached the police about noon, and during the afternoon it was pasted on the notice-board outside the police station.

Few people appear to have seen it, and one Truro man, in the course of a two-mile walk around the town that evening, only found one window proclaiming the new "dim-out."

As the street lamps were not fitted with "dimmers," they couldn't be switched on to give the public a lead, and many residents only heard of the partial lifting of the local black-out next day!

SANTA YANK.

WHEN U.S. sailors entertained kiddies to a Christmas party at their hospital at Manadon, near Plymouth, Father Christmas, who was distributing sweets and toys, was eyed suspiciously by one six-year-old boy, who whispered to his chum, "I don't believe he's real. He talks like a Yank."

ISLAND BREW.

A DEVONIAN who escaped from the Channel Islands recently insisted on getting his friends on the mainland to brew a cup of "Jersey tea."

This was prepared by grating carrot finely, baking it in the oven until crisp, and then infusing just like ordinary tea.

The man from the Channel Islands said he had had no other "tea" to drink for three years, and thought it "jolly good."

His Devonshire relations, however, weren't so sure.

LIFE-SAVER. P.C. GEORGE SHAPTER, of the Plymouth City Force, who was awarded a B.E.M. for dragging an airman clear of a blazing flying boat which crashed at Cattedown, started life-saving at the age of eight, when he dived off the Exe bridge at Exeter and rescued a little girl of his own age who had fallen into the river.

A former Plymouth police swimming champion, he has saved three other people from drowning in the course of his career.

BIGGEST HIKE.

SERGEANT C. P. BUNN, E.F.I., of Naafi H.Q., Cairo, is setting out on a 2,000-mile tour of former Western Desert and North African battlefields, collecting facts, stories and pictures for a projected history of the part played in desert campaigns by Naafi's E.F.I.

Sergeant Bunn was a reporter on the staff of the "Cornish Guardian," St. Austell, before the war. He once spent some weeks "on the road" as a tramp, in order to obtain first-hand copy, but says, "This looks like being my biggest hike."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

GIANT STADIUMS HELP NATION KEEP FIT

WHEN the war has been won, it is anticipated that Britain will experience the biggest sports boom ever known to her during the centuries of her love for sport.

To plan for these millions of sports-hungry folk is a problem that is being carefully examined by sports promoters all over Britain to-day.

The result of their research will be some of the finest sports arenas and stadiums in the world. We owe such projects to ourselves, our health, and our children.

I know many syndicates who think it would be a good idea to open one large gymnasium in at least every big city or large town. In the past there have been few well-equipped gyms, complete with trainers and massage experts, such as the Americans call upon, in any of our towns or cities.

If we are to keep our youth fit, and encourage them in the art of boxing, to mention but one sport, then first-class gymnasiums must form part of our plans in the newly built cities.

In the heart of London, not many yards from Leicester

Square, one of the big stores that will be taken over when the war has been won and a super sports arena erected on the site.

This arena, which may be the "Madison Square Garden of Britain," will hold boxing, ice hockey, dancing, a first-class gymnasium, and a first-class restaurant. That, at the present time, is the plan. It might even get better than that!

A great new interest has been developed in the art of billiards and snooker. Thousands of men who never knew the difference between the two games prior to the war have picked it up in the Forces or while on Civil Defence duty, and first-class arenas, where large crowds can watch the finest players "in action," are planned for many of the biggest towns in the country.

In the past there has been a tendency on the part of sports promoters to rely upon large crowds of sportsmen to visit any area in which they care to stage a show. After the war you will find the promoters adopting a different attitude.

They will try to fit their plans to suit the public, not just themselves, as has been so often the case in the past.

Since the war, open-air boxing shows all over the country have brought with them a boom in the fistic art.

You will have many more of these shows after the war. As one distinguished promoter said to me the other day: "I'll try and put a first-class show whenever there's a demand at any really good open-air spot, preferably a football ground. There's a ready public for open-air boxing—but it's taken the war to convince me of that!"

The Directors of the Crystal Palace, who have terrific potentialities in their property, in addition to its central and "easy-to-get-at" position, plan to construct a stadium on the site of the pitch where the Cup Final was held from 1894 until 1914. This, by the way, was once the bed of an ornamental lake!

It is estimated that to build a first-class stadium on the lines suggested by experts would cost £150,000. If, as

seems probable, this stadium becomes an established fact, Wembley will have a new rival.

In this direction would be a good thing. Crystal Palace, I've always thought, could easily become the Belle Vue of the South of England if properly developed.

Mr. Percy Harper, as chairman of Crystal Palace F.C. (this has no connection whatsoever with the Crystal Palace), purchased shares in the club worth £5,000, and loaned to his team £18,000.

A go-ahead personality, Mr. Harper plans to make the Palace ground at Selhurst a great centre of sport in the South. Everyone with sport's interest at heart will wish him well.

Many small towns and villages in the past never had the opportunity to sample first-class sports arenas and see the finest exponents of the various sports in action. Promoters are going all-out for these folk.

Britain's sports arenas and stadiums will be the finest in the world after the war.

John Allen

JACK LONDON tells how they cut off the wrong man's head—but he was only a "Chink," so nobody bothered

AH CHO did not understand four or five others; but what of quarrelling as he chanced to pass French. He sat in the that? crowded court-room, very weary and bored, listening to the unceasing, explosive French that now one official and now another uttered.

It was just so much gabble to Ah Cho, and he marvelled at the stupidity of the Frenchmen who took so long to find out the murderer of Chung Ga, and who did not find him at all. The five hundred coolies on the plantation knew that Ah San had done the killing, and here was Ah San not even arrested.

It was true that all the coolies had agreed secretly not to testify against one another; but then, it was so simple, the Frenchmen should have been able to discover that Ah San was the man. They were very stupid, these Frenchmen.

Ah Cho had done nothing of which to be afraid. He had had no hand in the killing. It was true he had been present at it, and Schemmer, the overseer on the spot. They had got there before Schemmer—that was all. True, Schemmer had testified and caught him there, along with

that? but what of quarrelling as he chanced to pass by, he had stood for at least five minutes outside; that then, when he entered, he found the prisoners already inside; and that they had not entered just before, because he had been standing by the one door to the barracks. But what of that? Ah Cho and his four fellow-prisoners had testified that Schemmer was mistaken. In the end they

cellences of French law. There was nothing like setting an ample once in a while; and, besides, of what use was New Caledonia except to send men to live out their days in misery and pain in payment of the penalty for being frail and human?

Ah Cho did not understand all his own, a wife, and children growing up to venerate him.

And here he was to receive fifty cents a day; for one day, only one day, he was to receive that princely sum! What if the work were hard? At the end of the five years he would return home—that was in the contract—and he would never have to work again. He would be a rich man for life, with a house of his own, and children growing up to venerate him.

would have a small garden, a place of meditation and repose, with goldfish in a tiny lakelet, and wind bells tinkling in the several trees, and there would be a high wall all around so that his meditation and repose should be undisturbed.

Well, he had worked out three of those five years. He was already a wealthy man (in his own country)

Yes, and back of the house he

(Continued on Page 3)

THE CHINAGO

panions, had lied and blocked and obfuscated in their statements to

the court concerning what had taken place. They had heard the sounds of the killing, and, like Schemmer, they had run to the spot. They had got there before Schemmer—that was all.

True, Schemmer had testified and caught him there, along with

would be let go. They were all waited for the baffled judgment that would set him and his comrades free to go back to the plantation and work out the terms of their contracts. This judgment would soon be rendered. Proceedings were drawing to a close. He could testify, no more gabble of tongues. The French devils were tired, too, and evidently waiting for the judgment.

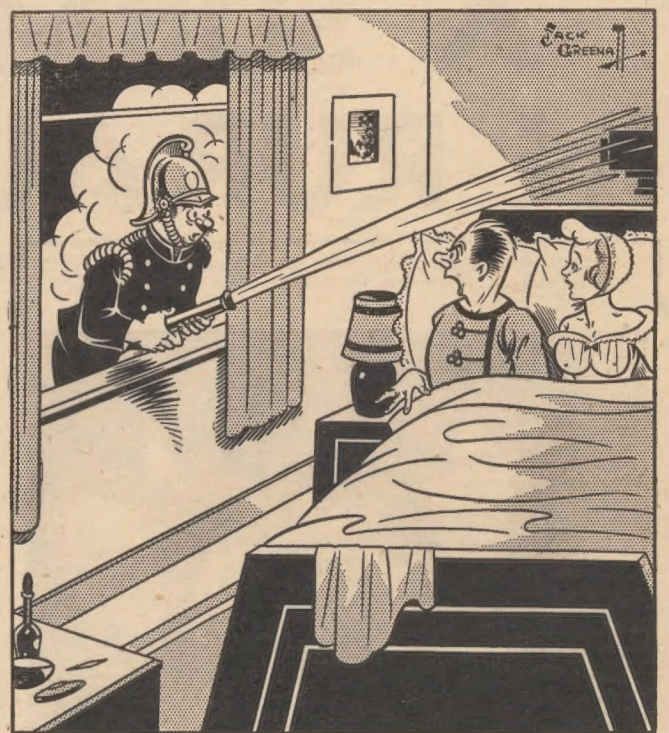
And as he waited he remembered back in his life to the time when he had signed the contract and set sail in the ship for Tahiti. Times had been hard in his sea-coast village, and when he indentured himself to labour for five years in the South Seas at fifty cents Mexican a day, he had thought himself fortunate.

There were men in his village who toiled a whole year for ten dollars Mexican, and there were women who made nets all the year round for five dollars, while in the houses of shopkeepers there were maid-servants who received four dollars for a year of service.

The truth was very easy to learn under torture. But these Frenchmen did not torture—bigger fools they! Therefore they would never find out who killed Chung Ga.

But Ah Cho did not understand everything. The English Company that owned the plantation had imported into Tahiti, at great expense, the five hundred coolies. The stockholders were clamouring for dividends, and the Company had not yet paid any; wherefore the Company did not want its costly contract labourers to start the practice of killing one another.

Also, there were the French, eager and willing to impose upon the Chinagos the virtues and ex-



* I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! EVEN ON MY HONEYMOON NO DAMMED PRIVACY //

QUIZ for today

1. An alevin is a young eel, African spear, mixture of ale and wine, young salmon, elf?
2. In what country is the game of skittles played with ten pins, and why?
3. In what country would you expect to find Wallaroo?
4. What and when was the South Sea Bubble?
5. About what is a good others were painters.

annual yield of milk from a cow (in gallons)?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?

Botticelli, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Titian.

Answers to Quiz in No. 576

1. Portuguese.
2. Two on each foot.
3. Rhodesia.
4. Carbon black.
5. 1775.
6. Cellini was a sculptor;

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



IN the picturesque Manx village of Ballaugh live Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gill. Above the porch of the cottage are the Arms of the Isle of Man—the "Three Legs," but the interesting fact about these Three Legs of Manxland is that they are carved out of Manx gorse—the prickly bush which provides the yellow pea-shaped flowers, and which is said by Manx folk never to be without a flower at any time of the year.

The "arms" were carved by Mr. Gill, who is foreman for the Northern Man Water Board. He is one of the few men with a good knowledge of the Manx native language—until a few generations ago in common usage in the Isle of Man. Nowadays, as a result of the "invasion" of the island by thousands of Lancashire holiday-makers each summer in peace-time, it is said that the Manx speak with a slight Lancashire accent!



MRS. GILL, like many Manx mothers, spends her spare time knitting woolen comforts for her sons in the Forces, one of whom, Seaman E. Gill, has had a great deal of experience in H.M. Submarines in the Mediterranean zone.

Unlike his father, who served in the Regular Army and saw service during the last war and part of this, Ernest plumped for the Navy when the war broke out. In due course he volunteered for the Submarine Service, of which he has since been a member.

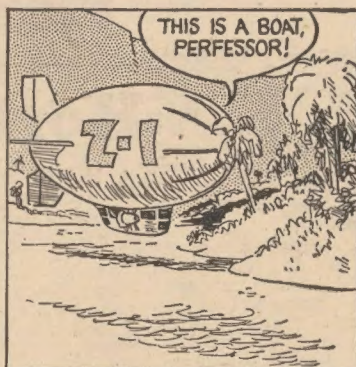
Charlie Gill, the father, is one of the best-known local politicians and orators in the Isle of Man, and has several times been a candidate for the House of Keys.



BECAUSE he could not bear life without the Home Guard, George Simpson, aged 46, a last-war soldier, of Evesham, Worcs, committed suicide.

Takes all kinds, I suppose.

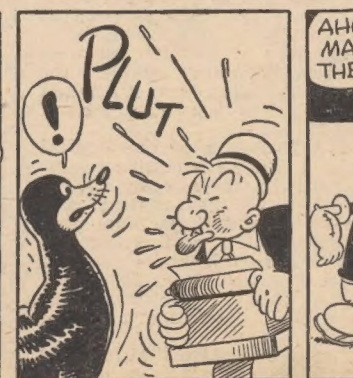
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—516

1. Insert consonants in *I**E**IA and **A**E**U** and get two States in Germany.
2. Here are two things you can see on any railway, but their syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
REGIS — LANELESF
3. If "impassable" is the "ass" of barriers, what is the ass of (a) Profits, (b) Love?
4. Find the two fish hidden in: I read Hansard in expectation of good news, so let's buy a copy.

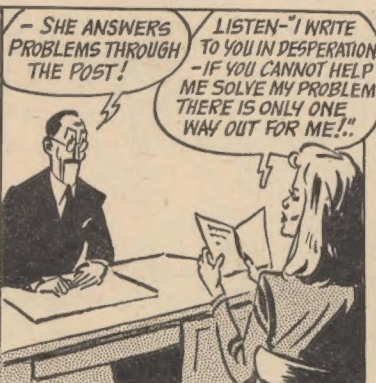
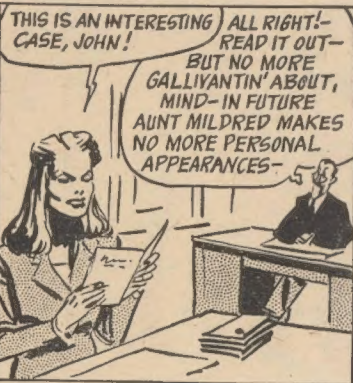
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 515

- CAMPAGNA, APULIA.
- ENGINE—TENDER.
- (a) Transit, (b) Imposition.
- Pet-rol, O-il.

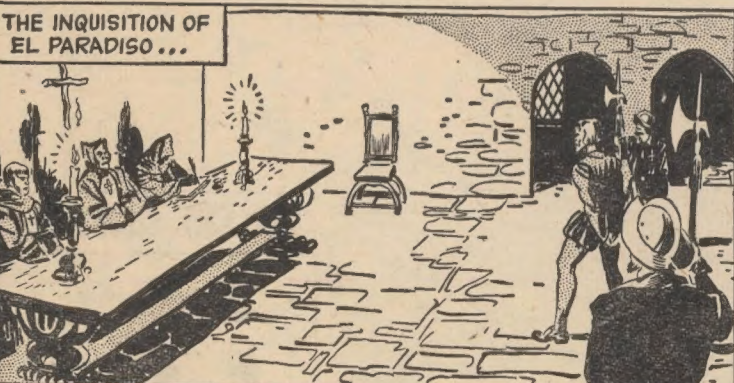
JANE



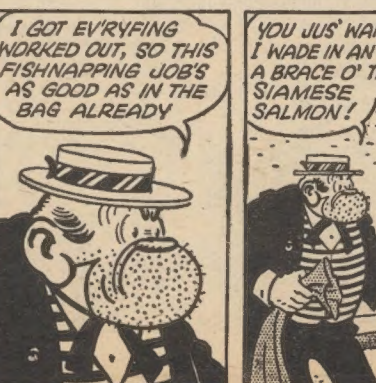
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE CHINAGO

(Continued from Page 2)

through his earnings, and only two years more intervened between the cotton plantation on Tahiti and the meditation and repose that awaited him. But just now he was losing money because of the unfortunate accident of being present at the killing of Chung Ga. He had lain three weeks in prison, and for each day of those three weeks he had lost fifty cents. But now judgment would soon be given, and he would go back to work.

Ah Cho was twenty-two years old. He was happy and good-natured, and it was easy for him to smile. While his body was slim in the Asiatic way, his face was rotund. It was round, like the moon, and it irradiated a gentle complacency and a sweet kindness of spirit that was unusual among his countrymen. Nor did his looks belie him. He never caused trouble, never took part in wrangling.

He did not gamble. His soul was not harsh enough for the soul that must belong to a gambler. He was content with little things and him to effect the transmutation. The hush and Also, he was assisted by a thick rendering up to him a full measure

was to him an infinite satisfaction. always rode, and which, on occasion, could come down on the naked solitary flower and philosophizing back of a stooping coolie with a report like a pistol-shot. These reports were frequent when Schemmer rode down the furrowed field. Once, at the beginning of the first year of contract labour, he had killed a coolie with a single blow of his fist. He had not exactly crushed the man's head like an egg-shell, but the blow had been sufficient to addle what was inside, and, after being sick for a week, the man had died.

Schemmer, Karl Schemmer, was a brute, a brutish brute. But he earned his salary. He got the last particle of strength out of the five hundred slaves; for slaves they were until their term of years was up. Schemmer worked hard to extract the strength from those five hundred sweating bodies and to transmute it into bales of fluffy cotton ready for export.

His dominant, iron-clad, primeval brutishness was what enabled the val brutishness was what enabled the val brutishness was what enabled the val brutishness was what enabled the val

of efficient toil. That blow of Schemmer's fist had been worth thousands of dollars to the Company, and no trouble ever came of it to Schemmer.

Manager (to the office boy): "Well, Jimmy, what would you do if we were to exchange positions?" Jimmy: "I'd sack the office boy right away."

Employer: "Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Do you think you will suit?" Applicant: "Well, I've just finished thrashing three other applicants out in the passage."

But the Chinese had not complained to the French devils that ruled over Tahiti. It was their own look out. Schemmer was their problem. They must avoid his wrath as they avoided the venom of the centipedes that lurked in the grass or crept into the sleeping-quarters on rainy nights.

The Chinagos—such they were called by the indolent, brown-skinned island folk—saw to it that they did not displease Schemmer too greatly. This was equivalent to rendering up to him a full measure

of efficient toil. That blow of Schemmer's fist had been worth thousands of dollars to the Company, and no trouble ever came of it to Schemmer.

ALEX CRACKS

"I want some cheese," said Mrs. Newlywed. "Yes, madam. Here's a very nice piece—Gruyere," said the grocer. "Oh, did it really? But I don't like those holes in it. Have you any that grew somewhere else?"

Manager (to the office boy): "Well, Jimmy, what would you do if we were to exchange positions?" Jimmy: "I'd sack the office boy right away."

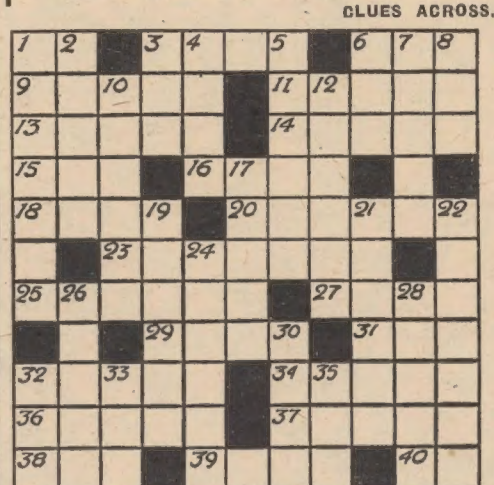
"I want to return this book I bought yesterday, 'Stories for All Occasions,'" announced the irate customer.

"What's wrong with the book, sir?" inquired the shop assistant. "Why, it's a fake; it's incomplete! There's nothing there for a man to tell his wife when he gets home at two o'clock in the morning."

Young Man: "I believe you stock mascots. I want a little devil for my car." Shopwalker: "Certainly, sir. Miss Smith, forward!"

Employer: "Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Do you think you will suit?" Applicant: "Well, I've just finished thrashing three other applicants out in the passage."

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- Perform.
 - Depart.
 - Berry.
 - Indian coin.
 - Remain.
 - Make amends.
 - Called.
 - Obtain.
 - Children.
 - Seize.
 - Hems in.
 - Came to a point.
 - Bees.
 - Inclines.
 - Narrow valley.
 - Light blow.
 - Glad songs.
 - Run off.
 - Love a lot.
 - Hooter.
 - Cricket score.
 - Trial.
 - Short thoroughfare.

- CLUES DOWN.
- Trailed.
 - English coin.
 - Marshy land.
 - Sediment.
 - Married.
 - Vegetable.
 - That man.
 - Expert.
 - Welsh resort.
 - Journalist.
 - Hang up.
 - Pill.
 - In fit state.
 - Publication.
 - Head-land.
 - Vehicle.
 - Deer.
 - Kindled.

J RED MITES
ELIXIR SEAT
WAGON HINGE
EMIT JOSTLE
L DIVAN HER
P CANES T
JET PEDAL S
ELICIT HUMD
EMBED LAPEL
REIN FARINA
STATE PAN Y



PHIZ QUIZ

He stopped and he looked and he listened, and the audience went on looking—and the more they looked the louder the laughter.

(Answer to-morrow.)

TO-DAY'S STAR

PHYLLIS CALVERT

PHYLLIS CALVERT, auburn-haired, five feet five, was born in Chelsea, and trained as a dancer at the Margaret Morris School. She made her stage debut with Ellen Terry in "Crossings," and then followed a series of repertory engagements at Malvern, York and Coventry.

She came to London in 1939 and understudied in "We at the Crossroads," following this with parts in "A Woman's Privilege" and "Punch Without Judy," during which a talent scout from Gainsborough Pictures reported favourably on her performance. The result was a role in "They Came By Night," with Will Fyfe.

Her stage career was interrupted by the war, and Phyllis became an A.R.P. warden for a time, returning to films in "Charley's Big-Hearted Aunt." In 1940 she was given a long-term contract by Gainsborough, and built up to stardom in "Neutral Port" and "Inspector Hornleigh Goes To It."

In "Kipps," with Michael Redgrave and Diana Wynyard, she received star billing, following this with the leading role opposite Robert Donat in "The Young Mr. Pitt," and starring with Margaret Lockwood and James Mason in "The Man in Grey," and again with James Mason in "Fanny by Gaslight."

Phyllis Calvert is married to actor Peter Murray-Hill. They have a daughter—Ann Auriol, born in 1943. Her recent films are "2,000 Women" and "Madonna of the Seven Moons."

DOLORES MORAN GOES TO 'GOOD MORNING'S' HEAD

"Cameraman who took that picture 's no sportsman," said Bill Millier, looking over our shoulder. We offered to buy it. "Rank bad form," he snorted, "shooting a sitting bird." "But she's sitting pretty," we replied, dreamily ungrammatical. "On velvet, I should say," guessed the Fashion Editor. "Black Velvet, probably," sighed Stuart Martin, reminiscently. "Don't forget to mention Warner Bros.," interrupted the Editor, who has no soul.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"There's many a submariner who would like to be on velvet."

